

To make a blynde mannes se
 As suche a yerde trauay
 Withouten ony layne
 Yes sayd our lord that I can
 Make suche a yerde certayn
 O^r he that is an olde man
 To make hym yonge agayne
 The smyth sayd so mote I the
 I haue an olde quene with me,
 Myne owne beldamie is she
 I tell the without ony layne
 It is forty wynter and mo
 Syth on fote she dyde go
 And thou coude make her yonge so
 Than wolde I be fayne
 Our lord sayd where is she
 Anone late me her se
 And thou shalte se a maystre
 More than thou can
 The smyth sayd so mote I the
 I shall fetche her vnto the
 Anone than full wyghtely
 After her the smyth ran
 And sayd dame slepest thou
 I am come for the / thou mayst me trowe
 Thou shalte be made nowe
 Agayne a yonge woman
 Be hente her by thair an hir

Dm. b.

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Make hym on lype alone
 With thy excellent maystere
 Than the smyth gan faire
 Syr what shall I to the paye
 Or thou wende thy waye
 Thy crafte to teche me
 Our lord sayd than to hym agayne
 That thou despisest is all in bayne
 Thoughe thou woldest never so fayne
 Yet wyll it neuer be
 Thou shalte neuer yf thou wolde
 Make a yonge man of an olde
 Therfore be not to holde
 Leest it do dyscayue the
 Yet thou tolddest me longe ere
 Thou were the wyllest man of lere
 That was knownen ony where
 Other farre or elles nere
 Face well now and haue good daye
 I muste forth wende on my Journaye
 In to an other countreye
 Amonge many craftes there
 And leue thy bostes I rede the
 For I tell the now truly
 Is none so wylle ne so cle
 But ever he may somewhat lere

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Dwlysten syrs at a lente
And ye wyll to my tale tente
the smyth his owne dame biente
he nexte fyte ye shall here
in our lordes was gone
Smyth rathely and anone
ed vpon his dame Ione
badde her come on faste
ne she answered tho
d thou wotest I may not go
vto cryste thou so
hy wytte paste
in crooked and also lame
now to go it is no game
dothe me moche grame
thynketh my bones braste
ou wotest well I may not le
loost I am as blynde as a be
o yf I hpe me truly
fall I am agaste
e smyth hande on her layde
me forth dame he sayde
ou shalte be made at a brayde
ge and lussi agayne
y dame is yonge agayne I wylle
e is mended of her mylle
culdde redder it is 245

For I am mayster of al
 That smytes with swerd or mall
 And so may thou the ball
 I tell the for veraye
 I saw hym never with myn eye
 That coude werke lyke I
 I tell the full truly
 By nyght ne yet by daye.
 Can thou make me a yerde of stiel
 To lede a blynde man wele
 Our lord gan saye
 And make it so with thy mall
 That he shall never stamble ne fall
 Than a mayster I wyll the call
 Syr by my faye
 The smyth than in a stody stode
 Sayd I crowe thou be wode
 Or elles thou can but lytell gode
 To talke of such a thynge
 And he be blynde he must nede
 Haue a felawe hym to lede.
 That may se well in dede
 To kepe hym from fallynge
 For and two blynde men togyder go
 Full ofte they fall bothe two
 It muste nedes be so
 They haue no maner of seynge,
 Non shold a blynde dote

